



TWO NAMES WERE THE LIMIT

In the Sixteenth Century It Was Illegal in England to Have More Than One Cognomen.

It is an exception nowadays to come across a person with only one Christian name, London Answers observes. High or low can have a string of middle names if they so desire, although the majority stick to but two Christian names.

In the sixteenth century, however, middle names were illegal in England, and, in accordance with the strictness of that period, no infraction of the law was admitted.

Royalty were the only privileged persons in this respect. If they really wished to possess a middle name the law relaxed its severity and granted their request; but woe to the ordinary commoner who exercised his own authority and gave unto himself more than two appellations.

The whipping post was his punishment for the first offense. And should his boastfulness exceed his temerity a more lasting punishment corrected his second lapse—the medieval custom of removal of his thumbs or ears.

Undoubtedly full nomenclature has been of great use in the legal world. "John Jones" abounds by the hundreds, but John "Siegmond" Jones, for instance, stands a better chance of correct identification and of establishing his identity.

MAGNETIC GAME FOR PARLOR

Basketball May Be Played Upon Table With Two Upright Screens, a Ball and Bats.

A parlor game of basketball played upon a table with two upright screens, a ball and bats, is the subject of a patent issued to Lenora H. Jones, Sedgewick, Kansas.

The ball is constructed of magnetizable material, while the bat, called a tong, contains a permanent magnet, as shown, with a handle.

The object of the game is to pick up the playing ball with the tong through the magnetic action and deliver it with a quick jerking motion into the basket, as shown, at the left of the party in play, says the Popular Electricity. This is done only by the player standing next to the basket; the other player or players on the



Magnetic Basketball.

same side simply pass the ball along the table with a light tap of the tong. The opponent attempts to prevent a player from scoring by guarding the basket and by knocking the ball from his opponent's tong by lightly striking the latter on the top with his own. Each playing ball delivered in the basket may count two points and the first side scoring ten points shall be the winner in the game and the side first winning five games shall be the final winner.

SOMETHING TO THINK OVER

One Who Thinks He Thinks What He Is Not and Is What He Really Thinks He Is—One Result.

It is affirmed that you are what you think you are, says Life.

If you think you are what you think you are you will naturally believe and think that you really think what you are.

But if you only think what you are in truth you are more than likely to think and believe that you only think what you think what you are.

If you think you are what you are not, then what you think is not what you are, and what you are is not what you think, and what you are is what you think you are not, and what you are is not what you think you are not, but what you think you are.

When what you think you are is not what you think you are, while, as a matter of cold and hard fact, you are what you are and not at all what you think you think you are.

So, if you truly want to be what you think you are, be sure and think only that you are just what you are, rather than what you think.

And then it must follow that if you think you are what you are, you are what you think you are.

Think it over!

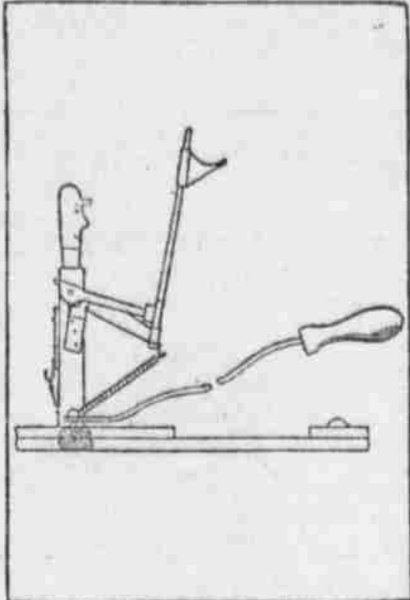
Afraid He Would Be a Girl.
"Tommy, my dear, what are you crying for?" said a lady to her little boy, who had just returned from church.

"Because the clergyman says that we must all be born again, and I am afraid I shall be born a girl next time."

NEW TOY IS QUITE AMUSING

Manikin Makes Lusty Swipe at Baseball When Spring Is Released—Bats Like Ty Cobb.

An ingenious and amusing toy has been designed by a Massachusetts man and is shown in the illustration. A manikin, with pivoted arms and a bat in its hands, is fixed on a base-board. On the other end of the board a ball rests in a shallow hollow. A spring reaches from the manikin's hands to his feet and there is a catch in the back by means of which his hands can be pulled up and the spring stretched. A cord with a handle on it is attached to the catch and releases it when pulled. When the catch is released the spring pulls the figure's hands down



Manikin Ball Player.

and the bat, which has a wing on the end, makes a sweeping slam at the ball. Usually it hits it, being adjusted for an accurate shot, but a miss is no more than even a Ty Cobb might do.

WANTS THINGS FOR HIS OWN

Desire to Possess Property Is Inherent in All Mankind—Boy Desires No Partnership Affair.

The average boy believes firmly in the principle of the private ownership of personal property, writes Thomas W. Lloyd in the Mother's Magazine. He would rather be the sole possessor of a broken handled knife with no blades than a pearl handled, four bladed affair in partnership.

In fact, the desire to own something—to possess property—is inherent in all mankind. And mothers should endeavor to foster this desire. It will not only increase the boy's happiness, but will teach him the value of acquisition within proper limits. He should have his own playthings, his own tools, his own books, his own clothes and a place of his own in which to keep them.

A boy who is permitted to do this will take better care of things than if owned in partnership, and he will learn eagerly to have a place for his things and to keep them in their place. And this is a valuable lesson. Do not make a younger boy wear his older brother's clothing which the latter has outgrown. If it can be avoided. Of course in some families, where every cent counts, this cannot be helped. Every boy, and we speak from experience, hates to wear another's clothes. He wants his own.

Give him his own bureau drawer and at least a portion of a closet and teach him habits of orderliness and system in the care of his possessions. These habits are easily learned when young and their value to the man of business is incalculable.

BICYCLE ON LAND OR WATER

Pair of Inflated Floats of Nearly Cubical Shape Are Used as Supports—Has Propelling Vanes.

A bicycle that is designed to run either on land or water is shown in the illustration. A pair of inflated floats of nearly cubical shape support each wheel when the machine is used for water travel, and a rud-



A Hydrocycle.

der, connected to the handlebars by a light cable, is attached to the rear. The rear wheel is equipped with propelling vanes.

Others Beside Johnny.

Johnny, fishing for a nickel in the bottom of one of them, has emptied the contents of both pockets on the dining table.

Papa—For heaven's sake, son, what makes you carry all that plunder around in your pockets. Where on earth did you get it?

Johnny—Hub, this? Sis straightened up her handbag this mornin' and gimme what she didn't want no more.

Important!

Barber—Well, my little man, and how would you like your hair cut?

Little Fred (aged six)—If you please, sir, just like father's; and don't forget the little round hole at the top where the head comes through.

THAT OTHER WOMAN

By ARTHUR BOLTONWOOD.

The frosty October day made the crackling fire on the hearth very cozy and very cheerful. They sat before it, Bob Standish and Betty Arnold, two very happy, carefree children for the time being. Standish put his fingers into his vest pocket and drew out a little case of morocco.

"I got the one I wanted, Betty," said he. "I made 'em take it out of that pendant. There wasn't another one like it."

He snapped open the cover of the case and the dancing flames burned in a thousand many colored reflections in the heart of a perfect diamond.

Standish reached over for a girl's slim hand, but to his utter amazement she drew it back—very gently, but with determination. Glancing up he saw her eyes were troubled.

"Oh, just a moment—just a moment before you put it on my finger, dear," she breathed quickly. "I—I—don't know just how to say it. I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" he echoed with a boyish laugh. "Of what, you dear little Miss Tease?"

"Honestly, Bob," she panted, as he would have snatched her to him. "Oh, please—just a minute—let me be sure!"

She drew away from him. Her face was just the least bit twisted as with pain—for him.

"Yes, that's just it," she said with downcast eyes. "I want to be certain that I am sure of you."

"Betty!" he cried reproachfully. But still she held him off.

"I've—I've heard something," she said. "I don't believe it, but it—it hurts. It will hurt till you let me know it isn't so."

He scowled. "Who's been talking now?" he said almost harshly.

"Mrs. Malvern."

"That—that trouble-monger!"

"Bob!"

"Well, what has she been saying?"

The girl stared long into the fire. Bob Standish saw she was biting her under lip.

"I wouldn't listen to her nor believe it," she said at last. "Still I had to hear some of the things—and—thinking them over—the few I did hear—I'm afraid; just the weeniest bit afraid, dear. She said you were buying a whole lot of flowers every Thursday at Rondeau's—that you went away every Thursday in your car right after lunch and—that you didn't get back until dinner time. She said you always wore your heart on your sleeve and that—Bob!"

He suddenly sitting very straight. "Tell me it isn't so. It's hurt—awfully; more than I'd admit."

His own face became very grave. He kicked back an ember that came hurtling across the hearth.

"About wearing my heart on my sleeve—that isn't so," he said. "About the flowers—well, I'll have to admit them."

She looked up quickly. He wasn't looking at her. She felt some vague sense of something dreadful impending.

"Oh," she said.

"And perhaps I had best explain about them before I put the ring on," said he.

She waited silently for him to go on. She did not know she was pressing her hands tightly together.

"It's really all right, dearie," he said quietly at last. "She's an old friend of the family. Her people have not reversed. She's living on gamely, pluckily, on what was left. She isn't asking odds of anybody. I—I—wanted to make it just a little easier for her. I want to think that once in a while she has a few of the things she used to have. So every Thursday I blow myself for some orchids for her at Rondeau's, and—yes, I take them to her myself, I might as well own up, and I take her for a spin in the car for a few hours—out to Millville, or over the old turnpike to that cozy little inn at Bridgton for tea. It makes her forget. It's so very little I do and so entirely innocent. You've forgiven me already, haven't you?"

"I—I don't know," said she rather hoarsely.

She noticed he stiffened a bit. Then he grinned; she thought to cover his embarrassment.

"She is here in town then all the time?" she asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Is she pretty?"

He wrinkled his brows as of debating a point in his mind.

"Beautiful is a better word," said he.

Again she looked up. His face was all ashine. She turned away that he might not see how badly she was hurt.

"I don't know why I have not told you all this before," said he. "The very fact I haven't shows how lightly I thought of it. I have meant to tell you at different times, and I certainly should have told you before we were married, because I want to buy her those flowers every Thursday just the same and take her for the spin. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

She flushed beautifully. He caught the sound of a little half-frightened gasp.

"Oh, Bob, I'm afraid I do care," she said. "I'm afraid I'm not a bit brave. I'm selfish. Of course it's very noble of you and there isn't the least bit of harm in it, still—"

"She's so plucky about it all," he said, as if in self-defense.

She tried to stop them, but two big tears slipped out of her eyes and coursed, one down each cheek.

"Suppose you come and see her with me—now, this afternoon, this

minute," he said. "Then you can decide, and I'll abide by it."

"You don't understand," she said hotly. "It isn't that."

"Come just the same," said he. She shook her head.

"Not if I insist?"

"You wouldn't."

"But I do."

She arose very proudly. "Very well," said she.

She ran up stairs. In a moment she was down again, smiling now, but very coldly, he noticed.

"I'd best take furs?" she asked.

"Yes," he said shortly, and opened the door.

His car was drawn up at the curb outside. He tucked her in, climbed in himself and away they spun through the crisp autumn air with its more than hint of frost.

He did not speak; neither did she, watching the streets slip past one after another. At last they shot into the suburbs, turned in at a wide gate, flanked on either side by great stone posts and drew up before a huge building.

He helped her out, led her up the stone steps and into a wide hall, where a smiling woman came forward to greet them.

"May we see Mrs. Horton?" Standish asked. "I know it isn't my day, but I thought she'd be glad to see us just the same."

"Glad? She'll be delighted as a child," said the woman.

Betty had clutched his arm.

"What place is this?" she whispered.

For answer he led her a few steps down the hall and pointed to a brass tablet on the wall.

"For lonely and aged women whose slender means offer them but scant comfort in the all too forgetful world they have served, the fund for this home is given by Helen P. Corlis."

Later the car whizzed down the wide drive through the after-glow of a florid October sunset.

"Isn't she a dear!" cried Betty, nestling close to Bob. "Beautiful doesn't half do her justice. I don't wonder you hesitated when I asked you if she was pretty."

"You'll let me buy her the flowers and take her joy-riding, then, just the same after we're married?" he asked.

"Indeed I won't," said she with much emphasis. "We'll buy her flowers, and we'll take her motoring, and we'll have her to dinner very often. Now, Bob, dear, stop the car right here, and put that ring on my finger."

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NO MORE LAST FORTY WINKS

Fleind Has Invented an Alarm Clock That Simply Insists on One's Rising in the Morning.

It has often seemed, after the announcement of an invention to which the attention of the entire civilized world has been called, that the human mind could scarcely invent anything more and fashion it in material form, but the countless dreams of inventors continue to be realized in astounding numbers.

Every week, every month, the trade journals advertise and comment upon new things in the lines which they represent and publish new ideas which this material labor saving age seizes and makes its own.

An alarm clock which awakens you with the words of a disgusted wife who has breakfast on the table, and a large vessel which carries submarines over long distances by means of a "pouch" are among the newest offerings.

As an ever present need, the alarm clock will probably be put into more general household use than the ship with the "pouch" for carrying submarines. In the evening before retiring you set the clock for 6:30; at 6:30 you will probably get up. Here is what will wake you:

"Six-thirty, six-thirty, six-thirty; time to get up; get up, can't you? Get up you miserable, lazy man. Get up, get up, get up!"

The first clock of this kind was exhibited in 1900, but it cost \$2,500 to make it. The present offering costs \$25. If you are awake in the middle of the night and wish to know the time, press a button and the clock will tell you the nearest quarter hour as:

"Two-fifteen," if it happens to be 2:15 or 2:18. The phonographic record is on an endless belt and the grooves in which the voice vibrations are recorded run lengthwise of the belt. The belt continues to give out sound until shut off when once started. So far the clocks have been supplied with belts which talk in thirty-five languages.

Wise Compromise in Slang.

"Good slang is permissible among school children," according to Dr. G. Stanley Hall. Precisely the same thing is true of college boys, of college girls and of the rest of us. Slang is inevitable. To thunder against it, to ignore it, to burlesque it is equally idle. Since we cannot end it—and, really, we should not and would not if we could—the part of wisdom is endeavor to mend it. Let educators direct their satire and condemnation against vulgar, vicious, idiotic slang—of which there is abundance—and they will accomplish something. The slang that is racy, spontaneous, humorous, expressive deserves kindly toleration if not encouragement. Some of it establishes itself and becomes classical English.

As to the question what good slang is, it is manifestly foolish. There is no fixed test, but persons of taste and cultivation have no difficulty in differentiating between legitimate slang and grotesque, silly and offensive slang.

WHO & WHO—and Why

EHRlich'S SEARCH FOR CURE-ALL



Paul Ehrlich.

man, his sensational discovery of three years ago; and, outside bacteriological circles, this is perhaps his chief title to fame. It is well to realize, however, that Ehrlich is a man of most exceptional genius, whose bold speculations and imaginative theories have been the outstanding features of bacteriological progress any time this last 12 or 14 years.

It will not be surprising if by the time of the next international congress in London, Ehrlich's name has been promoted to the company of the immortals—Lister, Pasteur, and the rest. As a matter of interest we may note that the professor is nearly sixty; so that if he lives to see that congress, and if it meets in London after a similar interval of time to that which elapsed between this just concluded one and its predecessor, he will be well over ninety years of age. We wish him length of years to visit us again when that time comes. Prost!

GAMBOA NAMED FOR PRESIDENT

Federico Gamboa, minister of foreign affairs, nominated for the presidency by the Catholic party convention, and Gen. Eugenio Rascon, named for the vice-presidency, have accepted the nominations. Gamboa in accepting the candidacy pointed to his record as a diplomat and the absence of affiliations with any party.

He tendered his resignation as minister of foreign affairs, but General Huerta has not yet accepted it. Senor Gamboa said he would not be surprised if General Huerta should prefer to continue him in his present post until the elections, there being nothing in the laws, he said, to prevent such a course.

Meantime Gen. Felix Diaz has been recalled by Senor Gamboa to return to Mexico City. The military mission of General Diaz in France is ended and he is at the disposition of the foreign office.

The efforts of the Catholic party, it is said, have been directed at the selection of men who would be acceptable to the United States. The choice fell upon Senor Gamboa, for the reason that he has not been prominently identified with any political party, while it is believed that he will have the confidence of Liberals, as well as Catholics.



Federico Gamboa.

NEW MINISTER TO NORWAY



Albert G. Schmedeman.

Albert G. Schmedeman of Madison, Wis., was recently appointed United States minister to Norway. The salary is \$10,000 a year.

Mr. Schmedeman succeeds Lauritz Swenson of Minnesota, who served as minister to Denmark and Switzerland before going to Norway. The appointment is for four years. In view of the centennial celebration next year of Norwegian independence and which will draw thousands of Americans to Norway the post which Mr. Schmedeman will fill will be one of much importance and interest to Americans.

Mr. Schmedeman was born and reared in Madison, where the Schmedeman family has long been prominent in business, civic and social activities. He is the senior member of the clothing firm of Schmedeman and Ballie. In 1910 he was the Democratic candidate for congress from this district. He has also served as treasurer of the Democratic state central committee and for many years was a member of the committee. In the preliminary campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination a year ago he was an active supporter of Governor Wilson for the nomination.

Mr. Schmedeman's selection for a diplomatic post is regarded by his friends as a most wise and happy one.

Mr. and Mrs. Schmedeman have two children, a daughter of fifteen and a son of twelve.

WHY O'HAIR DID NOT VOTE

Representative Frank T. O'Hair of Illinois, Democratic successor to "Uncle Joe" Cannon, is one of the members of the house who did not vote on the administration currency bill. But he thinks he has a good excuse. O'Hair was out in his district looking after his political fences a bit and rounding up some personal matters. He planned to leave for Washington in ample time to vote for the currency bill. The day before he had planned to leave, however, he decided to make some cider. Not having tasted any real cider fresh from the press for many moons, he drank copiously thereof. The same day he went on a jaunt into the country with a couple of friends and devoured a lot of juicy plums. About two o'clock the following morning he was awakened by a terrific pain in the region of his solar plexus—the kind of pain that the average small boy knows all about. He thought he was going to die. He did not reach Washington until the day after the currency bill passed the house. Now he is wondering whether he will be able to satisfy his constituents about that ailment if "Uncle Joe" enters the race against him next year.



Frank T. O'Hair.